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To The Editor
Of The
Brooklyn Sunday Sun
With the Compliments of
The Author

Brooklyn Dec. 31st 1873

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THE

WATER-MILL;

AND

OTHER POEMS,

BY D. C. McCALLUM.

PRIVATELY PRINTED.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

—

1870.

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To My Dearest Friend.

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It may be glorious to write
  Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
  Once in a century;

But better far it is to speak
  One simple word, which now and then
Shall waken their free nature in the weak
  And friendless sons of men;

To write some earnest verse or line,
  Which seeking not the praise of art,
Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
  In the untutored heart.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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The Water Mill, and Other Poems.

The Water-Mill.

Oh! listen to the Water-Mill, through all the livelong day,
As the clicking of the wheel, wears hour by hour away;
How languidly the Autumn wind, doth stir the withered leaves,
As on the field the Reaper's sing, while binding up the sheaves,
A solemn proverb strikes my mind, and as a spell is cast,
"The mill will never grind, with water that is past."

Soft Summer winds revive no more, leaves strewn o'er earth and main,
The sickle never more will reap, the yellow-garnered grain,
The rippling stream flows ever on, aye tranquil deep and still,
But never glideth back again, to busy Water-Mill,
The solemn proverb speaks to all, with meaning deep and vast.
"The mill will never grind, with water that is past."

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Oh! clasp the proverb to thy soul, dear loving heart and true,
For golden years are fleeting by, and youth is passing too,
Ah! learn to make the most of life, nor lose one happy day,
For time will ne'er return sweet joys, neglected, thrown away,
Nor leave one tender word unsaid, true love alone will last,
"The mill will never grind, with water that is past."

Oh! the wasted hours of life, that have swiftly drifted by,
Alas! the good we might have done, all gone without a sigh,
Love that we might once have saved, by a single kindly word,
Thoughts conceived but ne'er expressed, perishing unpenned, unheard,
Oh! take the lesson to thy soul, forever clasp it fast,
"The mill will never grind, with water that is past."

Work on while yet the sun doth shine, thou man of strength and will,
The streamlet ne'er doth useless glide, by clicking water-mill.
Nor wait until to-morrow's light, beams brightly on thy way,
For all that thou can'st call thine own, lies in the phrase to-day,
Possessions, power and blooming health, must all be lost at last,
"The mill will never grind with water that is past."

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Oh! love thy God and fellow man, thyself consider last,
For come it will when thou must scan, dark errors of the past,
Soon will this fight of life be o'er, and earth recede from view,
And Heaven in all its glory shine, where all is pure and true,
Ah! then thou'lt see more clearly still, the proverb deep and vast,
"The mill will never grind with water that is past."

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The Creed of Life.

I've seen the aged tottering weak,
"Whose days were dwindled to a span,"
And none did kindly to him speak,
Though rich, he was a poor old man,
He never spoke one tender word,
To mortal living, mortal dead,
No praise of him was ever heard,
For he was soul-less, all men said,
What though a hundred years he scored,
He never lived a single day,
Through time unloved, in death abhorred,
He unregretted passed away.
He never lived.

I've seen the youth all reckless, wild,
In selfish pleasures spend long days,
By artful demons oft beguiled,
In thousand dark and evil ways,
His riches were to him a curse,
No sympathy with man had he,
The gaming hell, yea! something worse,
Engrossed his soul, 't'was sad to see;
At thirty years I saw him die,

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Mere wreck of human flesh and bone,
Consigned to earth without a sigh,
True happiness to him unknown.
He never lived.

Then what is life, I hear thee ask,
I'll tell thee still, what life is not,
'Tis not religion as a mask!
Nor man-made creeds so soon forgot!
Nor selfish prayers which never tend,
To righteousness or manly worth,
Which hypocrites too often vend,
To blind the thoughtless sons of earth,
Pretensions, pride and fawning cant,
Our bane on earth most surely are,
The coldest atheist extant,
In principle is purer far.
Such do not live.

Then what is life! ye ask again,
I'll tell thee son, nor e'er forget,
'Tis mitigating human pain,
Where through thy pilgrimage 'tis met,
To know thy country is the earth!
Thy kindred is thy brother man!
Let test of all be moral worth!
Nor others deeds too closely scan,
Let Heaven with imperfections deal,

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Nor dream that Life is scored by time,
Regard alone the common weal,
Make life a triumph, death sublime.
Ah! Such is Life.

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A Warning Voice.

A vision 'twas, yet such it did not seem,
But as in phantasy, oft hovereth
O'er our wondering brain, vague forms and aspects,
As 'twere auroral flashes of the past,
Dim, misty shadows, of some former life,
So deeply graven, on our trembling souls,
That years unknown, have failed to wear away.
Mysterious thought!
'Twas early autumn:
The rustling leaves arose and fell upon
The gentle wind, resplendent in decay,
More beautiful in death than life were they:
O'er rugged rocks the streamlet wildly dashed,
Anon, in ripplings o'er its pebbly bed,
Sighed to the sombrous woods its plaintive song.

As underneath an ancient oak I sat,
In silent contemplation of a scene
All loveliness serene, methought I said,
"Shall troubled waters of the soul, thus end
In tranquil peace?" When suddenly, before
My startled gaze, there stood a reverend sage,
Whose hoary locks and genial mien, bespoke
For suffering man, deep sympathy of soul;

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And thus he spake :

"Long centuries have passed,
Since from this weary earth I took my flight :
Its every joy and sorrow have I known,
Dear taught experience of mortal years !
Thine utter'd thoughts have called me to thy side,
In Christian love and tenderness, would I
With thee my son, some kindly converse hold ;
Nor of the future, but the present speak,
The deeper mysteries of thy spirit life,
Our Father hath in wisdom, darkly veiled.

Though sixty summer's o'er thy head have flown,
And silvered locks denote life's swift decline,
For worldly gain, I see thee grasping still ;
Thy brother's ills and woes, are naught to thee,
No tender word hast thou, to cheer the sad,
To raise the low, nor from thy narrow soul,
Is e'er reflected, e'en the faintest ray
Of God's eternal love, thine only trust !
The dreary past no warnings give to thee,
Of blasted fame, and worse than futile hopes,
Born of the distempered dreams of thousands,
Who younger e'en than thou, have passed away !
Whose fruitless lives, no trace of good hath left,
Nor beacon light to guide the wandering soul,
To pleasant paths of righteousness and peace ;
Alone remembered for long years misspent !

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Misguided soul, to voice of wisdom list!
Immutable as Heaven's eternal law,
This truth must ever live; "True happiness
To self, is tender love to all," yet still,
From higher promptings, let thine actions spring;
For *love* of good, to good forever cling.

In pompous Temple have I seen thee oft,
As 'twere in humble supplication, kneel
Before High Heaven; think'st thou my son, it aught
Can thee avail with Him, who knoweth all,
While misery, want and sorrow stalk the earth,
Pleading in vain for mercy at thy hands?
Ah! think it not; but learn that wealth and power,
Thine every obligation doth enlarge:
Does dread of penalty thy soul affright?
The basest passion that can thee control!
Or, dost thou bow in Pharasaic mood,
With shining broad phylacter o'er thy breast,
In solemn mockery and empty show,
Thine hands upraise to Heaven's Eternal King
In thanks, that thou more holy art than they,
Who, conscious of their every sin, do pray
With contrite tears, for mercy and forgiveness?
Ah! judge ye not those sad and erring souls,
Whom thou with seeming horror passest by,
Perhaps of cruel circumstance the slaves,
Yea! in the sight Heaven, thou may'st be least.

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From off thine eyes, I would the veil uplift,
And to thy clearer vision, show thee what
In truth thou art, and what thou should'st become.

The altogether good, or bad, on earth
Existeth not; but in degree of both,
Before Omnipotence do all men stand;
With Heaven alone doth all perfection dwell.

Dost see the germ, expanding, burst the mold?
Anon, the stem doth upward shoot in air;
See verdant leaves their cooling shadows cast,
While pearly drops bedew the parched earth
With grateful tears: soon springing from the stem,
The swelling bud doth sweetly ope its lips,
And beauteous flower the morning sun doth kiss,
While Heavenly fragrance glads the hearts of all:
'Till ever-chilling time its bloom doth shed,
And fading, droppeth to the mother earth,
The sport and pastime of the fitful breeze:
Thus true to nature, ever nature is!
Hast thou, the crowning of creations work,
To Heaven and to thy nobler nature, thus
Prove true? *To God and conscience answer give.*

Now, fare thee well! and may these earnest truths
Thine inmost soul pervade. From moral death
Awake! Atone, so far as in thee lies,
The sterile past, by charity to all.

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And now in Autumn sere of wasted life,
Think of "the rustling leaves," and "beauteous flower,"
Nor e'er forget the solemn lesson taught;
For soon alas! all left of thee on earth,
Will be the good or evil thou hast wrought.

So end the precious remnant of thy days,
That when cold hand of death is on thy brow,
Mid heartfelt sighs, by grateful tears bedewed,
There may be blazoned o'er thy narrow house,
In noblest sense, these words:

"HERE RESTS A MAN!"

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"An O'er True Tale."

"——See yonder poor, o'er-labored wight,
So abject, mean, and vile—
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil."—BURNS.

Thus spoke the Bard, long years ago,
Who knew poor human nature well:
Tis true to-day—'tis sad to know
The misery honest worth can tell!

O would I had the Poet's power!
In burning words a tale to tell;
Though simple story of the hour,
With shame it would each bosom swell.

See yon pale form, in garret high—
Wearily stitching, on and on;
Oh! listen to the deep, low sigh!
Ah! it should melt a heart of stone!

Her face—once fair, of Grecian mould—
Now pale and wan with carking care;
Her eyes were bright, she once was told;
What is she now? A CASE NOT RARE.

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Scant is her clothing, cold the night—
The walls so bare, and broken, too,
Why woman thus, in such a plight?
Our Father, God! can this be true?

The winter wind, with dreary moan,
Doth through each crevice find its way;
The flick'ring ember's long since gone—
The candle will not last till day!

It flickers, dies! 'tis emblem true
Of her whose life is fading fast!
To dream of bliss she never knew,
Her weary head is sunk at last!

Oh! woman proud, why should this be?
Hath pity gone—is feeling dead?
Why did SHE all this misery see,
Who decked thy form for scanty bread?

Her soul is gone—poor child of want—
Where, without change, thine ne'er will go!
Beyond thy reach and haughty taunt—
She's gone! *God's mercy willed it so!*

Ye who reside in stately halls,
Professing Christ—that name adored—
Oh! think of yon bare, broken walls,
And one whom ye have so ignored!

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What's haughty pride and loud pretense
In she who naught did e'er create—
Compared with good, sound common sense—
Hard, honest toil, but low estate?

Let Woman true to Woman prove--
Give virtuous labor credit due;
Treat such in mercy and in love—
She is your peer, and sister, too.

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Stray Thoughts.

Do what ye will—yea, what ye can—
Thy path is rugged still, O man!
Thy heart in storm and tempest whirl'd,
Mid bitter taunts of careless world!
Thy pleasures, seeming past and gone;
Yea, homeless, cheerless, sad and lone!
Still, if one heart to thee doth cling,
Thy sorrow will at times take wing.

As Heavenly visions of the past—
As fairy dreams, too sweet to last —
As flashing, transient meteor star,
In flick'ring, fleecy clouds afar—
As quivering sunbeam o'er the spray—
Thy days of gladness flee away;
While memories dear thy heart doth thrill,
Sweet glimpse of joy may cheer thee still.

Should future skies be clear and bright,
Or darkly pall'd in deepest night—
Should loving hearts be wrung with pain,
Nor peace, nor joy return again—

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Still hoard for aye, with miser care,
The thoughts of bliss, so sweet, so rare---
And thank thy God that thou hast seen,
Midst keenest woes, bright joys between.

The tenure of thy days how slight---
Existence naught but weary fight---
Uncertain future, dark and drear!
Soul thrilling, poised twixt hope and fear,
Doth vibrate on from day to day---
Nor light, nor mark to point the way;
Thy trials sore are surely given
Thy soul to draw from earth to Heaven.

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The Rainy Day.

How oft' the sire the son hath told,
Above all else lay by thy gold!
Remember this old adage, Tom,
That charity begins at home.
Be careful, boy, for who can say
When God shall send
Thy rainy day?

Be prudent, son; in youth be wise,
And let thine elders thee advise.
As years roll on thou'lt surely find
'Tis folly to be over-kind.
In all thine acts let caution sway;
Hold all thou hast
For rainy day.

Let spendthrifts all exult to tell
How sympathy their bosoms swell,—
How happiness their hearts doth thrill
In mitigating human ill,—
'Tis crime, my boy, to give away
What thou may'st need
For rainy day.

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Ah! see yon miser grasp his pelf,
With not a thought beyond himself,
Whose demon eyes see nothing good
But glitt'ring gold—his life, his food.
Yea, gold he has, but who dare say
That he'll not see

Dark, rainy day?

God's curse must rest upon that heart
Whose int'rests are from men apart—
A wretch, whose selfish, narrow mind
Is deep disgrace to human kind.
The time must come when no bright ray
Shall beam on his

Dark, rainy day.

Oh! place some confidence in man,
Nor dare thy neighbor's heart to scan,
For who can tell where strikes the rod?
Of this let judgment rest with God.
On side of mercy lean alway,
Nor dread nor fear

Thy rainy day.

Poor child of earth, what's life at most?
A few short years in tempest tost.
Ah! turn thine eyes to heavenly shore,

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Where deeds of mercy go before.
Though thou may'st err, be kind alway,
And God will cheer
Life's rainy day.

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A Dream.

A frightful dream last night I had—
The thought e'en now doth make me shiver;
'Twas horrid, painful, vague and sad;
The dreadful scene doth haunt me ever!
A stream I saw; but—passing strange—
'Twas wildly dashing through mid air;
Both broad and deep—rush'd without change,
Though neither banks nor bounds were there.

In color it was red as gore,
Engulphing what I dread to tell;
With fearful gush, and foam, and roar,
Its ruddy waves did roll and swell:
I wafted was, as quick as thought—
In fancy swung directly under,
My brain in contact with it brought—
There trembling hung, in fear and wonder.

Suspended thus twixt heaven and earth,
Beneath that dark and bloody river,
To fancies odd do dreams give birth—
Some pleasure hath, some fearful ever;

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My eyes turn'd upward--there I saw
With horror, in that seething tide,
Pale, mangled bodies, torn and raw,
In thousands surg'd from side to side.

Some young, some old, in ghastly shape,
Gashed and bloody were they all;
Heads trunkless on each other gape—
Trunks headless on each other fall;
From some the flesh was wasted quite—
Pale, bloodless, and in shreads it hung;
Bones drifting past, all bleached and white,
Together rattled, tossed and clung.

A light did pierce that bloody sea—
Upward again I turned my eyes;
I spied a Demon dance in glee,
For what I could not then surmise:
It looked like neither man nor beast—
Its head was studded round with eyes,
Which glanced (it seemed to me, at least)
A thousand bright and flashing fires.

It stood on pillar large and tall,
Composed of human bones and blood,
Cemented firm as solid wall,
To stem that dark and fearful flood:

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It held aloft a shining book—
Said "Mortal, see, and mark me well!
"I've brought thee here, that thou might'st look
"On bloody scenes in Earth---not Hell!

"Not Hell indeed! we'd blush to see
"Such crimes as here on Earth ye do;
"No love, nor code of right have we,
"While creeds ye have---religion too!
"Look in this book---thy boast and pride---
"What use its maxims and its laws?
"To mortals here it is no guide---
"Hark! listen to those loud huzzas!

"See shouting legions, dread array,
"On deeds of blood and carnage bent---
"Demons abashed, stare, stand at bay,
"In mirth and mute astonishment.
"What means yon fierce and bloody fight?
"Lay down your arms---for peace do sue,
"As Christians, claiming heavenly light!
"While ye do pray, see what ye do?

"This gory stream's the bright comment
"On loud pretense to truth and right!
"We dance in joy; and here are sent
"To see this glorious Christian fight!
"Look! look!" it said, "and ponder well!"
That moment all was dark as night!

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My hold was gone, and down I fell---
Awoke in terror and affright!

I quiver'd as frail aspen leaf,
Each fibre of my heart did quake;
My shiv'ring soul so steep'd in grief,
In mercy 'twas I did awake.
My thoughts together, still I saw,
In vivid light, that fearful dream---
Those ghastly corses, torn and raw,
That blood-bound pillar in the stream.

Indeed that Demon reasoned well---
For Christian love doth surely lead
To gentle peace, nor vengeance swell
The righteous soul from passion freed:
But still, as Christians, fearing God,
To battle wrong is duty clear---
Though blood of thousands drench the sod,
For justice we must persevere.

Traitors, with damned fell intent,
Did raise the fratricidal hand,
In aid of cause by Baal sent,
To blast and wither freedom's land!
To arms! to arms! nor shrink, nor quail,
In stern defense of truth and right!
With trust in God, we ne'er can fail
In this our "glorious Christian fight!"

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The Madman's Reverie.

Here, in this dismal dungeon cell,
Oh! horrid story could I tell –
Of blasted hopes, of cursed doom,
That thrust me here in midnight gloom!
Why thus in torment? damning fate
Hath drench'd my soul in blood and hate—
By God deserted, chill and lone,
Chained to this cold and clammy stone!

Methinks I do remember well—
How long ago I cannot tell—
Dear Mother bathed this burning brow—
Aha! she's there! I see her now!
Oh! come not nigh---avaunt! begone!
Let wretchedness still be alone!
She upward pointeth, mute she stands;
Help, Oh! help me break these iron bands!

She's gone---nor word, nor sound she gave---
No mercy there! back to thy grave!
Out of my sight! forevermore
I'm wedded to this dungeon floor!

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Spirits and men, I curse ye all!
I'd rather bow to demon's call,
Than praise thy God, who leaves me here,
Victim to horror, gloom and fear!

A dream I had, 'twas passing strange—
It seemed as if my soul did change
From earth to God: an Angel bright
Did by me stand, in heavenly light.
And thus it spake: "Vain man thou art,
To lacerate thy bleeding heart;
For all of earth, indeed 'twould seem
Thy life hath been but troubled dream.

"Speak boldly, mortal; tell me why
Thou think'st thy God is never nigh?
Again I tell thee, it doth seem
Thy life hath been but troubled dream!"
And thus I answered: 'Angel bright,
Thy God hath sent thee here to-night
To taunt and mock me, but I will
Give answer to thy query still.

Ha! tell me not that life's a dream!
'Tis sad and real—yea! 'twould seem
To millions it hath proved a curse,
That fell intent could ne'er make worse!

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To dare thee thus doth give relief;
Thou mock'st me with thy sage belief:
Have faith in this—accede to that,
Is sternly said, and all for what?

'Can man control the wither'd heart?
In hope and faith like thine take part—
When naught but sorrow doth remain?
Poor blasted life, in keenest pain—
Whose soul doth feel that all hath gone?
Homeless and helpless, sad and lone?
No ray of light to cheer his path
With joy, as some less worthy hath?

'Ha! ha! prate not to me of hope —
While damned souls in darkness grope!
Who ne'er hath seen, blest happy hour,
That fate did not o'ertake, devour!
Yea! followed on as demon would
A soul condemned, bereft of good!
Relentless as his brother Death
To claim his own!' List what he saith:

"When born, thy fate was in me bound;
I've followed thee the world around!
I've shown thee pleasure, but to dash
It from thee, with swift thrilling crash!

Hosted by Google

Ha! curses on thy lips I hail
As glorious triumphs! do not fail
To gorge thy soul in gloom and hate!
This is thy doom—thy cursed fate!"

'Why am I thus, by fiendish spell,
Consigned to tortures worse than hell?
What crime is mine, to kindle ire,
Relentless as eternal fire?
Why am I thus, in durance vile,
As bond-slave held? yet all the while
Faint glimpse of light doth o'er me gleam,
Mockingly—Ha! call'st this a dream?

"Ungrateful mortal, pause, reflect,"
The Angel answered; "nor reject
This heavenly counsel: darest thou
Arraign thy God? before Him bow,
With contrite heart—acknowledge all
Thy wicked deeds, and on Him call
For mercy, who hath been to thee
All Father to a son could be!"

I heard no more—my dream was past!
It meaning had, so deep and vast,
To all the world—to learn that GOD
In GOODNESS spareth not the rod;

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That misery here doth surely school
The trembling soul—away, thou fool!
'Tis false as hell! look on me here—
Powerless to shed a single tear!

They come! see demons round me cling!
I feel their sharp and piercing sting
In this poor heart! Oh! let me go
From this away! above, below—
I reck not where! Oh! give me rest—
Among the damned, or with the blest!
Ha! ha! I die! they choke my breath!
Devils avaunt! ha! gaze on Death!

The madman's corse laid in that cell,
A wither'd heap—and yet 'twas well,
Aye! well 'twere so! Poor child of fate!
Whose soul was steep'd in bitter hate
'Gainst God and man! but why should this
Debar him from eternal bliss?
'Twas CIRCUMSTANCE that made him wild!
Yet still, O Father, he's thy child!

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Solemn Thoughts.

We are brooding, brooding, brooding,
O'er man's sad, hapless fate;
We are weeping, weeping, weeping,
O'er sinfulness and hate;
O'er sinfulness and hate so deep,
The soul doth shrink and bleed—
For the wretched and the helpless—
Hearts torn by bitter need.

We are pining, pining, pining,
As hour by hour doth tell
Of anguish, anguish, anguish keen,
That countless bosoms swell;
That countless bosoms swell—nor joy,
Nor rest, nor peace have we;
'Mid tempest tost, we writhe and wail,
O'er life's dark, dismal sea.

We are groaning, groaning, groaning!
O Father! hear our moan,
While bowing, bowing, bowing low
Before Thy sacred Throne!

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Before Thy sacred Throne, O God,
For pardon do we plead!
As Thou hast promised in Thy Word,
So help us in our need!

We are passing, passing, passing,
Our hour is drawing near;
Time is fleeting, fleeting, fleeting—
The end will soon be here!
The end will soon be here—alas!
Why should we wish to stay?
While those we loved—the beautiful—
Bask in eternal day!

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Be Kind to the Erring.

Be kind to the erring, the humble, the meek,
'Tis coward alone, who would trample the weak,
Ye know not how deeply, the past they deplore,
In charity cover their sins evermore.

Be kind to the erring, the lowly, the sad,
Oft circumstance ruleth, whose chain driveth mad,
Ah! boast not thy virtue, but con thy heart o'er,
Communion with self, crusheth pride evermore.

Commune with thyself, think how reckless thou art,
Enriching thy coffers, to wither thine heart,
Take warning by thousands, on yonder dark shore,
Remember, thy soul must exist evermore.

Love good for good only, nor measure thy gain,
Such motives, are sordidly selfish and vain,
Strewing blessings all round thee, with heart gushing o'er
Flowing on to the ocean, of love evermore.

Religion is nothing, pretensions are vain,
If works are still wanting, ah! where is thy gain,
As bark cast away, on some desolate shore,
As wreck on the deep, thou art gone evermore.

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Thy days fleet away, as a meteor's gleam,
Flashing bright for a moment, they fade as a dream,
Yea! dream though it be, yet on far distant shore,
Shall in thunders re-echo, the past evermore.

As flower dost thou blossom, mere thing of a day,
As breath of the flower, thou wilt vanish away,
Let love be thy motto, this gloomy life o'er,
Then in sunshine of love, wilt thou bask evermore.

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All, All Alone.

Alone! yea! in this world alone!
Alone! ah! how the dreary tone
Thrills the deep soul, whilst all around
Chill, death-like silence reigns profound!
All, all alone!

Ah! yes! still do I remember
Love's bright dreams, so pure and tender,
Of boyhood days---forever gone!
All passed away, and I'm alone---
All, all alone!

Ah, me! I do remember still
The rippling streamlet by the mill---
Kind mother's voice, how sweet the tone---
Now gone to God---and I'm alone—
All, all alone!

Sweet angel mother, art thou near?
Oh! seest thou this bitter tear
Of anguish! hearest thou the groan
From poor, crushed heart, so sad and lone!
All, all alone!

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'Twas four we were—now only one—
Whose earthly race is nearly run!
O! who would stay when all are gone,
In this unfeeling world alone!
All, all alone!

The hour hath struck, the midnight bell
Hath sounded Old Year's parting knell---
With all its changes, past and gone!
Yet still I'm left---left all alone---
All, all alone!

Alas! one year ago to-night
A weary soul to God took flight!
Calling my name with dying moan,
Her spirit fled---left me alone!
All, all alone!

Our Father! Thou art ever just!
Oh! teach Thy children faith and trust
In thee! receive us as Thine own,
In realms where love doth reign alone---
All, all alone!

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Heart and World.

The world's stern laws thrust those apart
Who else would happy be,
Whose love doth gush from heart to heart,
As streamlets to the sea,
World!
As streamlets to the sea.

Vain man binds those with galling chain
Who ne'er can happy be,
Then claim that God doth work in vain:
Nay 'tis not God, but thee,
World!
Nay 'tis not God, but thee.

Whom God doth bind man ne'er can part,
No sovereign power hath he,
To conquer fate, tear heart from heart,
To try is vain in thee,
World!
To try is vain in thee.

Dear Lillie doth my heart enthrall—
She's all the world to me;
Next to my God, she's all in all:

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Why should it trouble thee,
World!
Why should it trouble thee.

Her voice soft music doth impart,
From sinful passion free;
Her angel smile doth thrill my heart,
But what is that to thee,
World!
But what is that to thee.

What though the world condemn and blame,
From self we ne'er can flee,
Nor yet resist that Heavenly flame,
So little known to thee,
World!
So little known to thee.

'Tis God alone the judge of all,
Who doth each motive see,
Before whose Throne we prostrate fall
Nor bend the knee to thee,
World!
Nor bend the knee to thee.

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Lost Forevermore.

Lost I am, by all forsaken,
To deep destruction hurl'd;
Peace hath flown and trust is shaken,
Condemn'd by cruel world.
The past I shudder to recall,
The present I abhor;
The future wraps its dismal pall
Round me forevermore,
Forever, evermore.

Oh! thou untempted, good and pure,
'Tis not for thee to tell,
How siren arts and wiles may lure
The soul from Heav'n to hell,
'Tis circumstance controlleth all:
Ye thoughtless con this o'er;
Breathe tender words to those who fall,
The sad forevermore,
Forever, evermore.

Dear angel mother, dost thou see
Thine erring child so low,
Whose soul is yearning to be free
Yet feareth still to go?

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Oh! sister woman, kindly speak,
Nor thrust me from thy door;
Crush not the fall'n, the poor, the weak,
The helpless evermore,
Forever, evermore.

I am wretched, I'm deserted,
All earthly ties are gone;
Scorn'd by all and broken-hearted,
Doomed, doomed to die alone.
Heaven help me, God protect me,
Thy mercy I implore;
If Thou spurn, if Thou reject me,
I am lost forevermore,
Forever, evermore.

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Fragment.

Time is passing, forward dashing,
Flows life's river on and on,
Years are flying, all are dying,
Day by day, some loved one gone.

Yea! each morrow brings its sorrow,
Hour by hour its darkling gloom,
All are weeping, vigils keeping,
O'er the cold and silent tomb.

Love's sweet treasure without measure,
Clasp aye fondly to thy soul,
Kind words ever live forever,
While none wronging bless the whole.

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The Laying and Running of the Rail.

Written During Sherman's Campaign.

In these dreaded days of war,
Hear the muttering from afar—
Of Arabia's wondrous tale,
Of the hissing of the steam,
Of the iron horse's scream,
Of the laying and the running of the rail.
He is coming, coming, coming—
Hear'st thou not the distant humming?
His fiery throat loud shrieking, "never fail,"—
With lightning speed he's dashing,
Up to roaring cannon's flashing,
Lighting up the laying and the running of the rail.

The steam horse is a wonder—
His voice as distant thunder,
See him fly o'er hill and dale!
Through mountain hear him screaming,
His eye so brightly beaming,
At the laying and the running of the rail!

'Tis three hundred miles and more
From the soldiers' ample store,

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To the field where wounded wail—
Ninety thousand veteran braves,
Must "fall back" or find cold graves,
Should once he fail in the running of the rail.

Look to front, where cannons roar—
See yon stalwart working corps;
Hearts ten thousand, stout and hale,
Rushing forth, as if in race,
Driving on at rapid pace,
At the laying and the running of the rail.

Hearest thou the rifles crack?
See vile bandits on the track—
Their victims blanch and pale;
The Fiery steed flies faster—
Delay would prove disaster
To the laying and the running of the rail.

Look! on the dead and dying—
Pale comrades o'er them sighing!
Oh! list to patriots wail—
Thy vengeance, God, on treason—
Murder'd for hellish reason,
At the laying and the running of the rail.
He is coming, coming, coming—
Hear'st thou not the distant humming?

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His fiery throat loud shrieking, "never fail"—
With lightning speed he's dashing,
Up to roaring canon's flashing,
Lighting up the laying and the running of the rail.

See howling, black arch-devil,
Surcharged in blood and evil,
Crushing millions with his tail!
The Fiery horse pursues him—
Pray God he ne'er may lose him,
By the laying and the running of the rail.

Hark! in the distance greeting!
'Tis of men and angels meeting!
Heavenly trump doth shout, "all hail!"
The horrid battle endeth—
Up Freedom's star ascendeth,
Beaming full on fiery steed, now RESTING on the rail.

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To a Child.

Thou'rt one year old to-day, Lucy,
So innocent and bonnie—
Thy Father's pride, thy Mother's joy---
Nae sweeter e'er was onie.

Thy angel e'en---thy gowden hair,
In rich profusion given---
To gaze on thee doth make me dream
Of purity and heaven.

Thou'rt in a weary world, Lucy,
In wickedness forlorn;
Oh! may'st thou e'er escape the shaft
By which kind hearts are torn!

Oh! shun temptation's slipp'ry path,
And pray to God for power
To keep His counsels and His laws,
In passion's evil hour.

Thou'rt young, indeed, to write thee thus?
But read it when thou'rt able:
You will find an old friend's counsel
Much nearer truth than fable.

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Soldier's Song of Freedom.

January —— 1863.

'Tis the world's brightest hope —our dear country, our home—
Wherever we linger, or where'er we may roam;
The vile Traitor's black wiles would the Freeman enslave,
Or would welcome him to an inglorious grave;
But for Freedom we'll pray, and for Freedom we'll fight—
God doth strengthen the arm in defence of the right!
Away with the clanking of Slavery's chain—
We have fought for the right, and we'll do so again!

Thou'rt our dear beloved land—we'll defend thee with pride,
In joy and in sorrow—yea, whate'er may betide!
Thy destiny's onward—let the Tyrant beware!
Where humanity calls, our true sympathy's there!
Yon bright banner of Stars to the breeze be unfurled—
We will flaunt it on high, still defying the world!
Away with the clanking of Slavery's chain—
We have fought for the right, and we'll do so again!

Though foul Treason doth stalk in the light of broad day,
We'll crush the fell monster, and will dash it away!

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Precious blood hath been shed, and our sons have been given—
A sacrifice sacred, recorded in Heaven!
But in God we will trust--our Protector and Friend--
Having confidence still in a glorious end!
Away with the clanking of Slavery's chain—
We have fought for the right, and we'll do so again!

Hosted by Google

Song—"Bessie Dear."

O Bessie dear, I ne'er can tell
The love I have for thee!
O meet me in yon fairy dell,
Down by the hawthorn tree.
Down by the hawthorn tree, my dear,
The warbling burnie rins;
O come, my dearie—dinna fear—
The bravest heart aye wins.
The bravest heart aye wins, my dear, &c.

Thy rosy lips, thy gowden hair,
Doth haunt me all the while;
Thou drivest me to keen despair
By thy sweet angel smile.
The lily in yon flow'ry dale,
Nae purer is than thee;
The sparkling gem doth surely pale
Beneath thy bonnie e'e.
Beneath thy bonnie e'e, my dear, &c.

As magnet to the pole, my dear,
Sae true's my love for thee—
Where'er I roam, be 't far or near—
On land or raging sea.

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Then come my dearie—dinna wait—
Thou'rt world and all to me;
O meet me at the trysting gate,
Down by the hawthorn tree.

Down by the hawthorn tree, my dear, &c.

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Song—The Happiest O' Men.

(Air, Bonnie Jean.)

I hae' a secret on my tongue,
The world disna ken,
That mak's my heart aye leap wi' joy,
The happiest o' men,
I lo'e a bonnie lass fu' weel,
And she lo'es me I ken,
Wha's merry cheery laugh mak's me,
The happiest o' men.

Its no her merry laugh alane,
Far mair o' her I ken,
Wha's modest loving glance mak's me,
The happiest o' men.
Its no her loving glance alane,
Far mair o' her I ken,
Wha's bonnie bonnie mou' mak's me
The happiest o' men.

Its no her rosy lips alane,
Far mair o' her I ken,
Nor yet her angel e'en that mak's
Me happiest of men,

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Its just that she is a' my ain,
And mair ye needna ken,
Wha's honest loving heart mak's me,
The happiest o' men.

O what care I for worldly gear,
I'll tak' what Heaven may sen',
As lang's my dearie aye mak's me,
The happiest o' men.
Soon hand in hand to kirk we'll gang,
Then a' the world will ken,
My bonnie winsome wife mak's me,
The happiest o' men.

Hosted by Google

Song—Ask Not Love.

My darling one why dost thou ask,
If truly I love thee;
Go ask the streamlet if it wends
Its way toward the sea.

Go ask the magnet if it points
In truth the far off pole;
But ask not sweet if thee I love,
With my whole heart and soul.

Go ask the winds if they obey,
Eternal high behest;
But ask not love if Heaven 'twould be,
To die upon thy breast.

Thou knowest well, nor need I tell
How dear thou art to me;
To doubt is vain, nor ask again,
If truly I love thee.

Hosted by Google

True Love.

Ah! there are thoughts too sacred far,
For human lips to speak,
Enthroned so deeply in the soul,
All language seemeth weak.

One loving glance, or tender tone,
Doth more than tongue can tell,
Of love that nestleth in the heart,
Eternally to dwell.

True love can never wane, nor fade,
Sweet blessing rarely given,
Angelic light, through death's dark shade,
To culminate in Heaven.

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